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HARRIS & EWIN

cession of seasons, except when they made

their recent journey around the world.

There is golf, tennis and boating. At

folks, although comparatively few of the

rocks along on two wheels, the driver

When before the convention she was

asked whether they would go to Murray

Bay this summer Mrs. Taft laughed

"Perhaps you know as much about that as I do," she said. "It all depends on what

happens on the seventeenth of June. If

my candidate is nominated we won't go

to Murray Pay this year. We will find a

place on our own seashore which will be

ORIENTAL STAMP ON THE TAFT HOME.

The Taft residence is a typical American

home of comfort and ease without osten-

tation. It shows at a glance the long resi-

dence of the family in the Orient, with its

teakwood furniture, Japanese bronzes and

It is at 1603 K street, in the heart of the

most fashionable district. The home of

Admiral Dewey is next on the east and the

home of Senator Wetmore is on the west.

Opposite is the residence of Senator Elkins,

and in the same block is the home of Mme.

The house is roomy and substantial, with

central hall of generous width, two large

drawing rooms on one side and a large re-

ception room on the other, with the dining

room at the back. On the second floor are

the sitting room and a large library, with

the sleeping rooms on the second and

The three Taft children have all won

honors at school. The eldest, Robert Al-

phonso, 18 years old, as a freshman at Yale

ast year carried off the honors of his class

and as a sophomore is still at the head.

Miss Helen Taft took the honors of her class

in the Cathedral School for Girls on the

Tennallytown road two years ago, and

this spring was graduated from Miss

Baldwin's school at Bryn Mawr, pre-

paratory to entering Bryn Mawr College

next fall. Charles Phelps Taft, the young-

est and perhaps the best known of his

family in the newspapers, next to his father,

is 10 and one of the brightest pupils in the

Force School, the most fashionable of the

Among his schoolmates have been the

two youngest sons of the President, Archi-

bald and Quentin Roosevelt; the twin sons

of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy,

Barnes and Phelps Newberry; the son of

the recently returned Chinese Minister,

Mr. Wu, who is now on his way back to

Washington with his wife, and the son

Miss Taft bears a strong likeness to her

father, but her two brothers are much

like their mother. Miss Taft has not only

her father's features and coloring, but his

Robert Taft is not of the ordinary type

of honor man of his class. In spite of his

studious tendencies he is an athlete and

is in the second sophomore crew at Yale.

He has developed a particular fondness

for rowing, although his preference some

The children are all enthusiastic riders,

like their father. Each had his own pony

in Manila and even Mrs. Taft spent more

time on horse or pony than she did driving.

The four years spent in Manila were among

the most joyous the family have known.

They enjoyed every minute of the time and

Mrs. Taft and Charlie returr ed last summer

tastes and much of his nature as well.

public schools in Washington.

of Gen. Leonard Wood.

time ago was for football.

corgeous Japanese and Chit

eries and inlaid screens.

Bonaparte.

third floors.

They live an outdoor, free life there.

in front, his legs hanging over.

frankly.

more accessible."

MRS. WILLIAM H. TAFT.

likable a girl as one could hope to see.

As for vanity, she evidently hasn't a

trace of it. That became perfectly evi-

dent when the subject of photographs

came up. She wasn't a bit keen about

having her picture appear in the paper,

but when it was put before her as a sort

of penalty which she would have to pay

under the circumstances she was like her

the situation. Oh, all right, take the pic-

But there the reporter rebelled for her.

The only picture this pretty seventeen-

year-old girl had to offer was one taken

a few weeks ago as a sort of class picture

when she was graduated at preparatory

school, and of all the travesties on a

pretty face it was about as hopeless a one

The reporter protested that it did the

original too great an injustice. Mrs. Taft

was of the same mind. Photographers had

been telephoning and begging to be allowed

to photograph Miss Helen. Her mother

told her she really ought to go down and

The girl looked at the condemned picture

"I don't think it's so bad of me," she said

All of which is interesting because

shows a wholesome unaffectedness which is

very attractive. People have thought that

because Helen Taft was going to enter

Bryn Mawr she must be "horribly intel-

lectual." That she is exceedingly clever

there is no doubt. But neither is there any

doubt that she is a girl full of the tastes of

She spent June week at Annapolis and

enjoyed that unique seven days of gayety

to a degree that settles the question whether

she cares for society or not. In fact there

are dark suspicions that if the inner home

life of the Taft family is transferred to the

White House next spring Bryn Mawr may

not retain a full four years hold upon one

of its fair students. But she will enter next

fall, at any rate, and will probably make

the good record which the Taft young folks

MRS. TAFT NO STRANGER IN THE WHITE

HOUSE.

ate. She had a year in the Cincinnati Uni-

versity, but did not complete the course,

A year or two after she came out into society

she took a class of hoys for a year in a pri-

vate school in Cincinnati. She says she

wanted to see what she could do to take

care of herself if necessary. That was

before her engagement to Mr. Taft and she

The White House will not be new or

strange to any of the Tafts. The Sec-

retary of course is at home there through

both his official and personal relations

Charlie is a friend of Quentin, and Miss

Helen is a companion of Ethel Roosevelt

Bob, the Yale sophomore, has been there

less than the others owing to his absence

at college, but he too has his friendship

As for Mrs. Taft, her introduction to the

White House goes back to her early child-

hood, when she spent a great deal of time

there with President and Mrs. Hayes, who

were devoted to her. As a member of

"Mrs. Roosevelt's cabinet" she has been at

the White House a great deal, and it will

seem far from strange to her if it becomes

her home. She will be an admirable hostess.

and as she is not only a lover of music but

a musician herself the entertainments at the White House will probably continue

to be characterized by the musical turn

Ordinarily the Tafts spend their summer

at Murray Bay, in Canada, where they have

which Mrs. Roosevelt has given them.

with the older Roosevelt boys.

Mrs. Taft herself was not a college gradu-

all seventeen-year-old girlhood.

seem to achieve so easily.

taught only one year.

with the Administration.

ture along.

as could be made.

have it done.

indifferently.

better, mother."

HOME LIFE OF THE TAFTS

THINGS ABOUT THE FAMILY THAT PLEASE VISITORS.

The Whole Spirit of the Household Frank Unaffected, Genuine—A Chat With Mrs. Yale-Miss Taft Bound for Bryn Mawr

Washington, June 20.—If March 4, 1909, puts William H. Taft into the White House will present to the possession of the American people an uncommonly likable family.

For the matter of that the American people is not waiting for March 4, 1909. So far as it has been able it has already moved into the Taft residence in Washington and has camped on the spot.

There one may see every day the camera brigade firing fast and furiously. There come and go the newspaper correspondents. At least they come and occasionally. some of them go.

One ingenuous young woman who turned up the other day confided to Mrs. Taft her conviction that the public was suffering for a glimpse of the inner home life of the Taft family. She proposed that she be allowed "just to sit there" and, so to speak, observe the wheels of family affection go 'round.

It was a deep disappointment to her to find that the Secretary was at the War Office, that Mrs. Taft was going out to luncheon, that Charlie was at school, and that Miss Helen, though at home, wasn't giving exhibitions of inner home life.

It was an absurd notion on the part of

thumbed quite to pieces, for it has entirely

disappeared now.
"Of course we have the books in our own library, and I think I reread 'Pride and Prejudice' at least once a year even now. And Thackeray, too, I read and reread

without ever losing my taste for him."

There you are! No "Yellowplush" snobbery can find footing in a household presided over by an American woman who is so alive to the delicate ironies of Jane Austen and of Thackeray as to take them for steady literary diet.

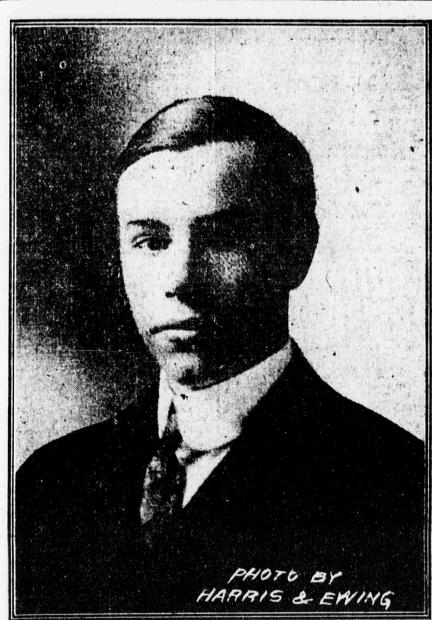
CHARLIE THE DOOKLOVER.

But though a genuine lover of books, Mrs, Taft is no bluestocking, no high browed pedant. She says that she honestly does try to keep up on general literature, but her manner plainly asserts that if you take advantage of that statement to start a disquisition on sociology or modern philosophy she will be distinctly disappointed in you. And you are wise and ask instead whether the children share this love of reading. Again her face lights up.

"Indeed," she says, "I think Charlie eats and sleeps with books for his companions. He loves reading better than anything else. He has actually read the whole section in the Congressional Library devoted to boys'

"He brings them home by the armful, sleeps with one under his pillow at night, dresses with an open book in front of him, brings them to the table with him and is never long separated from them.

"He is only 10, and of course the books he reads are chiefly boys' stories, but he will always love books. Of that I am sure. Not that he is a bookworm. He is a grea



ROBERT ALPHONSO TAFT.

the ingenuous young woman, of course. And yet the glimpses one does get of the Taft household make one wish for more. The whole spirit of the place is frank, un-

affected, genuine. With a hearty "Hello, old man!" the Secretary meets a friend at the door, turns the visitor around and carries him off with him. In the library Miss Helen's voice can be heard planning to ride in the afternoon with her young brother Charlie.

They have good voices, these Tafts; well pitched, likable voices. Vocal cords are wonderful telltales when it comes to secrets of character, but the Taft family do not need to resort to silence for self-protection. The more they talk the better you like

MRS. TAFT AND HER VISITORS.

When Mrs. Taft, for instance, comes in and says with pleasant directness: "Why, certainly; if you have any questions to ask I shall be glad to answer them," you say to yourself: "She's all right. She's willing to play the game and play it equarely."

And that is precisely what Mrs. Taft is trying to do. Pictures? She knows her pictures are not good likenesses of her. The reporter had to choose from a dozen or more photographs the one which seemed the least unlike her.

She is not pining to have these misrepre sentations of the camera held up to the public gaze. But if it is part of the game, the great game of having one's husband become the President of his country, why

all right: take the picture along. She treats the questions asked her in the same way. She is genuine, frank, unaffected. She does not take herself too seri-

ously. She puts on no foolish frills. She has no false pride and no false humility. At each question her gray eyes light up with interest, not, if you please. because she is thinking of herself, but because she has the uncommon faculty of for-

subject. For example, the merest chance started the conversation on the subject of reading. At once her face was alive with interest.

4

"Why," she says, "I was brought up on Jane Austen, and she is my best liked writer to this day. In my father's library there was a small copy of 'Pride and Preju-dice,' which I think we children must have ple and direct. She is as attractive and

IT ISN'T BRAIN FAG

Men Break Down, Says the Doctor.

out of here? He's one of six I've had so far

door of his private office.

to get cured.

outdoor boy too. He has a pony his uncle gave him. I'm sure it has a name, but I can't remember what it is.

"He rides his pony, skates, rows and plays baseball. He was on Quentin Roosevelt's team, and I am reliably informed that he played very well, but not long ago we suddenly discovered that he no longer belonged to the aggregation.

"We joked him a good deal about being dropped from the team, but he had nothing to offer by way of explanation, and it was some time before we discovered that a Y. M. C. A. picnic had been the rock on which he and the team had split.

"Charlie wanted to go to the picnic, but was informed that if he did so and failed to attend a practice game of the team on the same day he couldn't stay on the team. He was deterimend to go to the picnic and went. But I understand that he was a good player while he lasted," she finished with a laugh.

ROBERT IN HIS FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS "Bob, who is 18 and a sophomore at Yale, is not prominent in athletics, though he has persisted in trying for a good physical development. He has gone in for rowing, and I believe is on the second crew of his class. You know, though," with a little ring of pride in her tone, "that in scholarship he leads his class, as his father

did before him. "Bob went in with honors from the preparatory school and took various prizes in his freshman year. There are no prizes in the sophomore year, but his standing not only is the best for this year, but sets a new record for the sophomore class. Bob intends to be a lawyer, you know, like his father. He chose his father's fraternity. Psi U, and seems to be following him in every way be can:"

"And Miss Helen?" suggests the reporter. It is no easy thing to be admitted to Bryn Mawr. Will she make it all right?" "You might ask her," says Mrs. Taft as a fair haired girl in a pink frock, the color

of her cheeks, came through the hall. MISS TAFT GOING TO BRYN MAWR The daughter of the Taft household has the dimpled chin which is so striking a characteristic of her mother, but she really looks more like her father. She has soft, golden brown hair, gray eyes and excellent

> occupied the same house for a long sucfootball and motoring, and it is a more general life shortener than opium. Why, this business of eating has come to be such a complicated affair that whenever any

> he patents it.
> "We eat too much. The human animal performs his best feats of mentality on an empty stomach. There is just at much blood in the system. If it is kept busy blood in the system. If it is kept busy digesting food all the time it has no chance

digesting food all the time it has no chance to go to the head and help the brzin.

"Men who have done things and thought things and imagined things got the idea when they were hungry. The reason genius takes root in the garret is that in the garret and tenement the food is plain and scarce. The stupid sons of brilliant fathers would have the brains of the old men if they had their stomachs.

their stomachs.

"And it isn't too much whiskey that is things to the trouble with this generation. It is too much meat, cake and ice cream. The human digestive organs are the most economical thing ever created. A little food tongue."

decently eaten is all that is needed.

"Three meals a day served as the meals of the average family are served is more than any one stomach can care for properly. If we skip lunch we think we are sick. If we don't want any breakfast we are not hungry at dinner we need a tonic. If we don't want any breakfast we are

working. We think we are. Overworking the stomach, perhaps.

"Why, with proper care of the stomach there aren't enough hours in the day the give a man time to overwork. These nervous headaches are not caused by mental strain. It's stomach strain. Brain fag isn't a disease of the brain. It's the

stomach.

"The vegetarians are on the right track.
They cut out one article of food at any rate.
The chief beauty about the prohibitionists
is that they cut out a lot of unnecessary
things to drink. There is no harm in liquors
and roast beaf. It is the too much that

to the scene of their residence there with

MRS. TAFT'S MUSICAL ACCOMPLISHMENTS. Mrs. Taft is a daughter of Judge John W. Herron of Cincinnati, a contemporary at the bar of Secretary Taft's father. The two families were fast friends from the time their children were small and the Secretary of War and his wife grew up together. Their engagement was announced when the Secretary was a slender young graduate from Yale University.

Mrs. Taft was a brilliant musician in those days, with a predilection for the piano. Of late years the duties of motherhood and of nostess in official society have interfered with her music. She says: "Oh, yes, ! play now, but I am not a pianist," which means she plays almost as well as she ever did, but only for her own and her family's amusement.

Mrs. Taft was one of the original members of the music club in Cincinnati from which the Cincinnati Orchestra emanated. This was the Ladies' Musical Club, an organization which had a flourishing existence. Some of the members reached out and formed a larger organization, including men in the membership and known as the Cincinnati Orchestra Association. Mrs. Taft, was made the president and was the leading spirit in the work of the orchestra.

The association was duly incorporated with a stock capital, and the Cincinnati Orchestra, under the leadership of Frank Van Der Stucken, was organized. It was controlled by a board of women managers and was active for fourteen years.

It is not dead now but is lying dormant Althoughefor several years Mrs. Taft has not been the president, she is still on the board of managers and it is a cherished hope of hers that during the coming season the orchestra will be reorganized and revived.

At the time of her resignation as president the musicians of the orchestra pre sented her with a tall silver tankard, heavily wrought, as a testimonial of their appreciation of her efforts for the establishment of a permanent orchestra. This is one of her most valued possessions. The association raised an annual fund of \$40,000 for the expenses of the orchestra, and but for the troubles incurred by the union would not have discontinued its work two years ago.
On Mrs. Taft's departure for the Phil-

ippines with Mr. Taft when he was made Governor of the islands the Orchestra Association presented her with a huge antique 'silver centrepiece curiously wrought. Upon the broad edge of this piece the ladies had engraved the music of the "New World Symphony," written while which Mrs. Taft is very fond. The centrepiece now occupies a place of honor on one of the old side pieces of mahogany in least there is boating for the Taft young the dining room of the Secretary of War. summer residents like to risk the dangers So much does Mrs. Taft think of it that of the St. Lawrence there, with its currents she carried it with her to the Philippines, and its twenty foot tides. There's driving where it always occupied the centre of her mother in her philosophical acceptance of in the native vehicle, the calèche, which table, sometimes with a growing fern in it and sometimes filled with roses.



MISS HELEN TAFT.

Taft by the Empress of Japan on her visit

there last fall with the Secretary.

One box is very large and is inlaid with orchids in mother-of-pearl, with the imperial crest heavily inlaid with gold. The other bex is somewhat smaller, but with more intricate design inside and with a number of tiny drawers, such as only he was in this country by Dvorák, and of the Japanese and Chinese know the art of

making to perfection. Another gift of the Empress to the Secretary and Mrs. Taft is a large Japanese tapestry of exquisite design and execution, epresenting Columbus at the court of Isabella. After the completion of this piece the design was destroyed.

A heavy silver scroll roll of handsome repoussé work is on this cabinet, and wa

There was considerable dress stuff also presented to Mrs. Taft, much of which has been seen only in the hands of the dressmakers for the summer wardrobes of Mrs. Taft and Miss Helen Taft, owing to their secluded life during the past winter. Mrs. Taft is not a lover of jewels. What jewelry she brought from the Orient or from Europe with her consists of articles of historic or antique value. She wears few diamonds.

MRS. TAFT AS HOSTESS.

As a hostess Mrs. Taft is charming. She has an abundance of tact and has a wide has an abundance of lact that the knowledge of social customs. She is without fads, owing as she says to the fact that fads make great demands upon the state. and she has not the time to dive to so.

She has a liking fer playing bridge whist
when her social and domestic duties permit
it. Mrs. Taft is not a member of any club,
not even the well known Washington Club. although, like the other women of the Cash net circle, a member by courtesy.

The family of the Secretary of War are

Episcopalians and during their residence in Washington have been regular attendants in St. John's Church. The Secretary is of the Unitarian belief and goes to All Souls' Church. It was in St. John's that Miss Helen Taft was confirmed and in the class was Miss Ethel Roosevelt, daughter of the President, and both girls were students in the National Cathedral School. Miss Taft is rather a bookish young

woman, but next to books she loves her horse and to be upon him alongside her ather. And the Secretary loves quite as much to ride with his daughter.

Mrs. Taft has almost been tempted by the alluring roads round about Washington to begin to ride again, but has not quite plucked up courage enough to try it after so many years. Her only riding since her early married life was done in the Philip-

She and her daughter then rode astride. Miss Taft does not ride astride now, but uses a side saddle, which she sits well. Her habit has a short skirt, with the regulation jacket. a small sailor hat and no veil. The habit is usually of brown or khaki cloth.

Miss Taft is much like her mother in mental calibre. She is a good linguist. Mrs. Taft has unusual gifts in languages. She speaks French, and mastered the Spanish soon after she went to Manila; and even went further, learning some of the Tagal dialects. She keeps up her Spanish conversation scrupulously.

Mrs. Taft is of medium height, with a slender and almost girlish figure. She is erect and her hair a few years ago was the darkest of browns. Now it is beginning to turn slightly and in the front shows a few looks of distinguishing gray which are most becoming to Mrs. Taft; Her eyes are also brown. They are soft; quiet and thoughtful eyes, but can smile quickly. Her teeth are one of her chief: beauties, very white and perfect.

Mrs. Taft is one of the Cabinet women's who adhere strictly to their duties as Cabinet hostesses. She is always to be found at home: on Wednesdays unless she is out of town or ill or it is Lent. The Taft home has been one of the most agreeable places to visit on these Wednesday afternoons, because visitors were always sure of finding a gracious welcome from a hostess who made. them feel she was interested in them.

Mrs. Taft has pever become so enamored of society that she let it drown her early teachings. She is one of the very fewwomen in Washington society who still frown upon Sunday entertainments. Shen thoroughly disapproves of them,

Mrs. Taft's mother, who has been dead for many years, was of the old fashioned type and instilled into the minds of her six daughters many of her own ideas. She was before her marriage Miss Harriet Collins, daughter of Ela Collins of Utica. N. Y., who was at one time a member of Congress. Mrs. Taft's sisters are Mrs. Gustavus Parsons of Columbus, Ohio; Mrs. Charles Anderson and Mrs. Louis Moore of Cincinnati, Mrs. Thomas Laughlin of Pittsburg, and Miss Herron, who makes her home with her father.

which stands in the front drawing room The heavy satin hangings, all removed holds innumerable noteworthy pieces. now for the summer season, the rugs and Conspicuous among these are two boxes portières, are heavy with embroidery and of gold lacquer work presented to Mrs. of splendid coloring.

visit to Manila by the English Club of

Manila, with an address of welcome. Still

another piece is one of German enamel in

exquisite colors, given the Secretary by

the late Pope Leo XIII. on the Secretary's

mission to the Vatican. This is set in heavy

silver with the crest of the Vatican on the

The centrepiece upon Secretary Taft's

great mahogany dining table just now is

the piece presented to the Tafts by the

Chinese residents in Shanghai on their

recent visit to China. Another piece

prominent in the dining room is the silver

punch bowl presented by the Japanese

Prince Fushimi. It stands upon four

short, graceful legs and has handsome

The soft pillows, lamps, candlesticks,

bronze ornaments, in which the Taft home

abounds, all have the stamp of the Orient

repoussé work upon it.

ACROBAT'S WAY OUT. Even If Locked in, He Was Determined to Fill His Engagement.

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dress, yet she is always well and appro-

priately gowned. One never carries the

mpression of clothes after meeting her, yet

when questioned the recollection is always

that the costume was appropriate, well

made and becoming.

Last winter Mrs. Taft was in mourning

on account of the death of Secretary Taft's

mother, who died before he got back from

his trip around the world. The Secretary

and Mrs. Taft eschewed all social festivities

throughout the winter. Mourning was laid

aside this month, although Mrs. Taft still

clings to the black, white, gray and violet

SOUVENIRS FROM, MANY LANDS.

The Taft home is a souvenir hall. Every

apartment abounds in ornaments as well

as useful and necessary articles, which

have their sentimental value as well as

intrinsic worth. A cabinet heavily carved

of second mourning.

INDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD,

CHARLES P HELPS TAFT.

Mrs. Taft is not especially devoted to | presented to the Secretary on his last

back.

A few days ago the doorkeeper of a house in Razyezja street, St. Petersburg, was astounded to see a man jump from a window in the third story of the building and then, apparently uninjured, proceed at a pace along the street. time for the doorkeeper to recover from once started in pursuit, for it seemed to him that the fugitive must be either a dynamiter

zette.

or a burgiar. pursuit—for in Russia the doorkeeper has the powers of a constable—and at the corner of Glazova street the unknown one was seized and handed over to the police. He turned of the head of one of the big Western railcut to be a Japanese called Yokado, 18 years

of age and a member of a troupe of Japanese acrobats who are at present performing in St. Petersburg. He explained that one of the servants in the flat where he had a room had gone away with the key after locking St. Petersburg correspondence Pall Mall Gathe door, probably under the impression that there was nobody in the house. Yokado waited more than a hour for her

> forming, made the perilous jump which had ILLINOIS TURTLE FARM.

o return and then, fearing that he would

Owner Expects Also to Balse Gold Fish and Guinea Pigs.

From the Macomb Journal.

and Eastern Illinois is the man who has his upon this novel form of diversified farming as a relief from business cares, and he intends incidentally to show the farmers of the grain belt that 200 acres of terrapins and guinea pigs will pay bigger dividends than even 80 cent corn.

of Chicago, and is a tract of rolling timbered land. Numerous lagoons and roads are being dug at various points on the property and an elaborate system of irrigating ditches will be established. The guinea pig yards will cover several acres and will be the largest, it is expected, in the country. The mushrooms will be allowed to grow wild, wherever they will in marshy spots and damp nooks in the woods.

woods.

With the starting of the farm comes to woods.

With the starting of the farm comes to light some interesting facts about a little known industry. It is estimated that over 10,000 turtles are consumed annually in the cago restaurants. Some of them are terrapin, but the greaterr part are mud turtles soft shells and snappers. The demand farm analysis of the common is enormous.

getting her own personality in an outside

Reading? She loves it.

rain in his head thinks it's brain fag. "Sounds good, doesn't it, brain fag. Good thing to tell your friends about. Get But Stomach Fag That Makes Business lots of sympathy from your wife. I fag! John's poor tired brain! I fix The doctor heaved a sigh as he closed the

what is it? It's stomach fag, that's what it is. Did you ever stop to think what and where and when and how the average New Yorker eats?

"He eats whatever tastes good, wherever "He eats whatever tastes good, wherever the usual dinner." "Hello, Billy," he said, "you haven't got ! brain fag too, have you? Because if you | have you'll have to go to some other place "Did you notice the last man that came

"He eats whatever tastes good, wherever he can get it, whenever the usual dinner hour comes around, and as fast as he can stoke it into him. He's not even thinking about what he eats. His mind, what little he has, is miles away. What is the result? Well, he thinks he's got brain fag.

"I tell you, young man, eating as practised by the average human animal is the most denegrous pastime aver invented." this afternoon, every one of them wanting to take medicine for brain fag. None of

them has any brain in the first place, and they don't do work enough to get it fagged most dangerous pastime ever invented by man. It is the greatest menace to mental growth and physical health that has sur-vived the ancient and dishonable practice of head flattening.

"It kills more than war, maims more than "Do you know, this is the latest fad. It is getting to be worse than appendicitis. A couple of years ago every man who had a pain in his stomach thought he had appendicitis. Now every man who has a

one finds a food that is reasonably harmles

If we don't want any breakfast we are over-working. We think we are. Overworking